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1st To Be 42x36 feet as I have already stip'ted.

2d To Be of good stout canvass, with good Quality of oil, color and Varnish—he to furnish Frame 1st class Frame.

3d To Contain follow'g Objects tippecal of Chicago:

(1) One Grain Elevator, Chicago Pattern, with seven (7) vessels discharging Rejected wheat and seven (7) do Receiving No. 1 Do. Tippecle of Chi. ingenuity.

(30) Thirty R. R. Trains all diverging into one deapöt from all pts. of Compass.

(60) Sixty Tugs towing Lumber Vessels up and Down a small River (lay it on *thick* for the River) and 60,000 people a waiting at the Bridges for the Tugs to Pass. (Throw as much Impatience as possible into faces of people aforesaid.)

These objects will occupy the four ground. Then in the back ground I want Following Objects:

(1) Sale of real estate, representing round lot of acre property going for \$50 an Acre; also same going next year at \$50 a foot front. (Tippecle of Rappid Rice of Chi. Property.)

(1) Scene on Change representing speculator with \$2.50 in his pocket, selling 100,000 wheat Buyer's Option all August, (Tippecle of Boldness and Enterprise of Chic.)

(1) Divorce suit in Court tippecle of uncertainty of life Particularly married life, Also, exterior of Chicago Court House of which I send you a copy in plain Black and White.

(15) Fifteen Base Ball people evaporating amid the clouds. Nine (9) players in white hose and six (6) Backers in sack cloth. (They will do for Angells in the Clouds.)

(2) Two goddesses Goddess of Enterprise receiving Piece offerings from Goddess of Industry. Industry surrounded by sheaves etc. tippecle of Agriculture, and Enterprise wearing helmet of Brass, let down over the face, and leaning upon building 9 stories high with French Roof and Marble ft. tippecle of Enterprise (Make Limbs of Goddesses plump and handsome.)

(3) Three Female Figures nearly newd tippecle of Past Present and future, Present about life size, with head of Past just sticking out of pocket Past very small and Magger. Future so Large as to be crowded off the Canvass all except foot, leg and Hand, just ready to Gobble up Present Tippecle of Progress.

The position of these objects to be somewhat according to the diaphram given below.

| | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|---|-------------------|
| 1st Sale of Real Estate. | 2d Do | Base Ball Club | Past. Prest. Fut. |
| Seen on (change 100,000, B.O. Aug) | G'desses of Ent & Ind. | Court House. | Divorces. |
| (vessels) Grn Elevator (vessels) | 30 R. R. Trains Diverging. | People (impatnt) 30,000 60 Tugs. People (impatnt) 30,000. | |

You know, Mr. Wasburne, that as everything in a Pict. depends on what we call

Atmosphere of the Piece I for'd to you per ocean exp. a bottle of Chic. river Water, wh. you can present the artist with my compliments. He can judge by taking a few whiffs what the Atmosphere will be about Here.

Please attend to this and send Bill for yr. services.

Your obt servt.

JUBAL LEE.

P. S. Beat Stewarts Pict. if its in the cards to do it and draw as Required.

J. L.

Trusting that "Mr. Chromo" was readily found and engaged, and that Chicago will not be obliged to wait long for the day when she can boast a bigger and more "tippecle" picture than New York, I remain,

Yours for art,

P. GREEN.

A FAMOUS PICTURE BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

BY HILDA ROSEVELT.

In the midst of the rapid material development of the Pacific coast, there has been but little leisure to bestow upon what are termed, in contradistinction to mere utility, *the fine arts*, and apparently but little taste to encourage such development. One involuntarily speaks of such subjects with an apology for the intrusion; and, only on rare occasions, in visiting the picture stores, which constitute the public galleries, meets anything better than the crude attempts of inferior artists. But it is not fair to judge of the appreciation of art, of a whole people, especially of an American people, by public galleries.

It is in the private collections of the wealthy citizens that the first indications of a taste for art must be sought, and will usually be found, and in such a collection is Vanderlyn's celebrated picture of "Caius Marius on the Ruins of Carthage."

This painting possesses that two-fold interest which works of merit and age so frequently, indeed, so almost universally attain. First in regard to its real merit as a work of art; secondly to its individual history—the accidents and incidents which have befallen or are connected with it.

The fame and story of the picture are undoubtedly better known than the picture itself, but I venture to reprint it, as I have had all of the incidents fresh from the present owner, the Rt. Rev. W. T. Kip, in whose family it has been for two generations.

It was painted in Rome, in 1807, and exhibited in the Louvre at Paris, the following year, among a collection of twelve hundred pictures, and there received a gold medal from the Emperor Napoleon as the work of the greatest merit at the exhibition. In one of Vanderlyn's letters on this subject, there is a touch of the true artist spirit. He says: "The reception Marius met in Rome, when exhibited, from the artists there from various parts of Europe, was full as flattering to me as the award of the Napoleon gold medal which it received the next year in Paris."—"I left Rome in December, and arrived in

Paris in the beginning of 1808, and exhibited my picture there in the spring, at the public exhibition of the Louvre, where it received the medal through the hands of Baron Deurn. He had first seen it in my studio and expressed himself thus in favor of the picture, '*Cela porte un grande Caractere*,' which was precisely what I had aimed at."

It is said that Napoleon was desirous of purchasing the picture for the Louvre. But the artist designed it as the nucleus of a national art gallery in the city of New York.

He brought the picture to America in 1815, but failed in his hope of founding a great public gallery. It was exhibited for some time in our Atlantic cities, and afterwards sold to the family of the present owner. It has since been exhibited to the public on a few occasions, and is generally known only by reputation and through the medium of an engraving published at New York, by the Art Union, in 1842. I could not but think, as I looked at this picture, the other day, and heard its history, that it seemed almost an exile in this crude civilization. Painted in Rome in the atmosphere of artists and traditional art, taking a foremost rank in critical estimation at the Louvre, and afterwards gaining for itself a peculiar place in the slow appreciation for fine art by the American public, (it was not until after the death of the artist that the people of Kingston, Vanderlyn's native village, made overtures for the picture; several public galleries were also at the same time desirous of obtaining it,) it has been again transferred to the outposts of culture, and is the source of private, not national, appreciation.

The medal itself, after meeting with various fortunes, is at last in the hands of the owner of the picture. It was twice pawned, for Vanderlyn seems to have possessed a full share of the peculiar improvidence of artists.

The medal has on one side a fine head of Napoleon, and on the other, within a laurel wreath, the inscription,

Exposition

Au Salon

De 1808.

—o—

JOHN

VANDERLYN,

Peintre.

As a work of art the praise which has been awarded Vanderlyn's "Marius" by critics universally leaves little to be said. The picture is one which so forcibly expresses—from the position of the figure, the expression of the countenance and from the surroundings—the history of Marius, that one hardly needs the interpreter.

Conquered by his enemies, deserted by his friends, he had at length taken refuge in Africa. He had just landed there when an officer came with a message from Prætor Sextilius, informing him that he would be treated as a public enemy. We can realize how great an indignity Marius felt this to be when we remember that he had already been Consul of Rome six times, he had commanded her largest and most victorious armies,

was called the third founder of the state, classed with Romulus and Camillus as greatest of Romans. Plutarch says that at a moment he was silent with indignation, the officer asked what message he bore to the governor, replied, "Tell that thou hast seen Caius Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage," as if to him the ruins of that once glorious city seemed not only to illustrate his own.

Vanderlyn conceives his picture of Marius in this answer has been sent. He represents a Roman of the age when physical perfection was not traditional, and the finest specimens were found in the Roman army. The head of Marius, copied from a bust bearing his name which was dug up in Italy, seems to represent the character of Roman civilization. The short, firm, compact head, square-set jaws, indicate power of endurance and an indomitable will. The expressive expression of his eyes shows that he is contemplating "Marius" and his times, not the world who may happen to be gazing at him. The emotion has communicated itself to his right arm, the muscles of which are rigid and tense; a short sword is grasped in this hand. At his feet is his helmet, and his left hand rests on an opening of one of those immense vaults, which it is said now form the only remains of Carthage. This, the right-hand corner of the picture is in intense shadow. The objects are rather intimidated than arranged. The light falls more fully upon the black ground, which is of a composite and somewhat hackneyed character.

It perhaps does not take away anything from the truthfulness of the picture that the temple in the back ground suggests the Parthenon at Athens. The massive remains which tower over the head of Marius belong to Hadrian's villa near Rome, and the ruined aqueduct in the distance is copied from the Claudian aqueduct. These all may be had, if not their *fac similes* in Carthage, at least specimens of architecture sufficiently resembling them. The real objection is that the objects chosen are so well known and so readily recognized, that the effect involuntarily occurs that Marius has brought Italy and Greece into exile with himself.

The artist introduces a happy touch from nature when he paints a fox just startled from its haunts at the foot of the portico of the deserted temple. It is one of those details which seem to make solitude more literary and tells how entirely unfrequented human footsteps the place must be.

The coloring of this picture has been the object of especial commendation, the dark colors combining to produce a simplicity of effect in keeping with the almost epic character of the subject. The flesh tones of the face, shoulders and feet which are almost tawny in hue. The drapery which has fallen from the shoulder and drapes the figure in heavy folds, is sombre. The ruins are in rich browns or dark tones, relieved by the blue waters of the Mediterranean which are seen beneath the

arches of the aqueduct, and the blue sky above it filled with grey, drifting clouds.

The picture is one, however, which impresses more by the study of general effect than by detail. The solitary figure, seated in lonely but unsubdued desolation, the desolation of the mighty city where time has already aided her enemies in destroying her grandeur, unite in conveying an idea of the unconquerable spirit of a resolute manhood. Was it not this that Napoleon saw in the picture? this which he could prize and appreciate as few men could, when he honored it by awarding to it the medal?

It is to this picture, more than to any other, that Vanderlyn owes his fame as an artist, not only on account of the honor which it received from abroad, but also to its alleged superiority. It has already increased in popular estimation, and time, which but mellows its tints, will make it more widely known and better appreciated.

AN HOUR WITH SULLY.

BY R. FITZGERALD.

Was there ever a more genial old gentleman? He is now in his 87th year, and so good is his health that he is able to paint four or five hours every day. We found him standing before his easel, painting a Spanish boy, a remarkable sketch in every respect, but particularly striking for grace and fancy. The handling is vigorous, the color fresh and life-like, and the whole treatment simple, broad and free, in the best manner of this master. Mr. Sully, as we look at him now, reminds us of the noble and gentle West, as he appears in his latest portraits, with his brown wrapper, very delicate complexion, and chaste and subdued expression. The men are not unlike in character, and both will ever rank high in public estimation. West was born in America, and reached enviable distinction in England. Sully was born in England, and no one ever stood higher with our people. More than sixty-five years have passed since he came to Philadelphia from Charleston, to live with us. Yesterday your correspondent said, "Mr. Sully, what do you think the people will do in the other world?" "Ah, who can tell,"—and then he added quickly, "I hope they will let me paint!" He is a very amiable old gentleman, quite talkative, and deeply interesting. Looking at the portrait of Mrs. Sully (she has been dead about two years) hanging over the mantelpiece in the front parlor, we said, "What a grand work! Perhaps it is the finest portrait ever painted in the country, and one of the best the world has seen!" The gentle and engaging old man said, "You praise it too highly; but if they will save this one they may burn all the others."

"Do you like to paint?"

"I am miserable when I cannot work, and always happy when employed."

"You are likely to rival Titian, at least in age."

The dear old man smiled. "You would make me vain. Titian was a heaven-born genius. I forget how long he lived. Did he

reach one hundred, or was it only ninety?"

"About ninety."

"I sometimes think they have forgotten me. And yet I hope not. I am waiting—have been waiting for some time for the summons—ever since *she* was taken. My life has been peaceful, and not unprofitable; but I am tired, and would find the promised rest."

The old gentleman is a Unitarian. He is patient, hopeful, lovable. His home is made happy by his unmarried daughter, Blanche. General Sully, (the Indian fighter,) is his only surviving son.

THE BOWDOIN COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

BY PROFESSOR J. B. SEWALL.

The Hon. James Bowdoin, son of Gov. Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, closing his services as minister of the United States, at the court of Madrid, in December, 1805, removed to Paris, and resided for three years. During this time he made a collection of paintings, ninety-one in number, which he brought to the United States in 1809. At his death in 1811, they were left by his will to Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., which had been named for his father, and of which he had been the benefactor. For many years the college had no room in which they could be properly exhibited, and even now the wing of the beautiful building, the chapel, in which they are hung, is poorly lighted, and otherwise ill-adapted for their exhibition. Many of them also were very dingy, and in need of restoration, so much so, that it was difficult to tell what they were and whether they were really worth the labor and expense. At the suggestion of Hon. R. C. Winthrop and others, in 1850, a part were put into the hands of D. Chase, and a part into the hands of G. Howarth, of Boston, for restoration, and on being hung in their place, the college first became aware of the value of the collection it possessed.

Unfortunately no proper catalogue came with the pictures, whether because Mr. Bowdoin never had one made, or because it was lost, is not known. But in the catalogue which did come, it is claimed that most of the pictures are genuine works of masters. And when it is remembered that the period in Europe at that time was one of great disturbance, when kings were fleeing from their capitals, and nobles were following in their train, it is at once seen to be a probable thing that genuine pictures could be obtained. There are many pictures in European galleries, which from this cause, have a strange history of wanderings and changes to tell, e. g., "Leda and the Swan" in the gallery at Berlin.

The following are the most noteworthy of the collection: No. 2, "*The Equipment of Cupid*." This is Titian's, a duplicate or a copy. The catalogue says it came from the Grand Duke's palace, at Florence. If so, it is an original. The same picture is to be seen in the Borghese Palace, at Rome, called in Murray, "*The Three Graces*"; in Baedeker, "*Cupid Equipped by Venus*" by Titian, and